

The Black-Bird,

A COLLECTION OF

31 Choice New SONGS.

THE prospect clear'd, around
is heard,
The music of the hive;
The blossoms blow the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive;
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is "Sing and play;"
From eve to morn, the sages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!"
Each lively scheme, each am'rous
theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse;
The dance delights, the song invites
As mirth provokes the muse,
The war's no more, our chiefs
come o'er,
Again the grave ones say,
"Where'er ye tread, temptation's
spread,
Beware the Ides of May!"

THE shepherd's plain life,
Without guilt, without
strife,
Can only true blessings impart;
As nature directs,
That bliss he expects
From health and quiet of heart;
Vain grandeur and pow'r,
Those joys of an hour,
Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
Can titles or show,
Contentment bestow,
All happiness dwells in the mind,

Behold the gay rose,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the depth of the vale:
Yon oak, that on high,
Aspires to the sky,
Both light'ning and tempests assail.
DUETTO.

Then let us the snare,
Of ambition beware,
That source of vexation and smart,
And sport on the glade,
Or repose in the shade,
With health & with quiet of heart.

THINK, my fairest, how delay
Danger ev'ry moment brings;
Time flies swift, and will away,
Time, that's ever on its wings,
Doubting and suspense at best,
Lovers late repentance cost:
Let us, eager to be blest,
Seize occasion ere 'tis lost

YE Zephyrs that fan the calm air
Ye fountains that bubble
around,
Oh! cease my heart to wound,
Your gentle blowing,
Your murmurs flowing,
But waken my care;
Lack-a-day,
Well-a-day,
Ah, me!
Must I die in despair?

Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
My heart is as light as the best.
When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see :
While the comforts I find.
In the kingdom, my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

Yet why should we repine,
You've had yours, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

To wander like the bee,
To sip of sweets and taste of love,
Is not enough for me :
No flutt'ring passions wake my
breast,

One shepherd to my mind.
To every youth I'll not be gay,
Nor try on all my pow'r,
Nor future pleasures throw away,
In toys for an hour.
I would not reign the general toast

Will court their sure decline.
Then fops, and wits, and beaux
forbear.

Life's chequer'd seasons thro'.
My little heart shall have a home,
A warm and shelter'd rest,
No giddy flights shall make me
 roam.

From where I most am blest'd.
With love and only that dear swain
What tranquil joys I see,
Farewell, ye false, inconstant train,
For one is all to me.

For examples move us never,
We must feel to know the smart.
When the shepherd swears he's dying
And our beauties sets to view
Vanity, her aid supplying,

Frowning truth our sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain;
But too soon the happy lover,
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive.

Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe,
Foolish woman to believe.

YE fam'd witty Nine,
 Assist my design,
 And put your sweet voices in tune;
 While Parnassus I mount,
 And in carols recount,
 The joys of the social half moon.
 The yellow-hair'd Scot,
 His Pattie has got,
 The Hibernian, his Ellen a Roon;
 But Briton's fond lays,
 To night are in praise,
 Of their mistress, chaste Cynthia
 the moon
 Some bards may declare,
 That Kitty is fair,
 And more sweet than the roses in
 June :
 But what reigning toast,
 At St James's can boast,
 Such a number of stars as the moon
 Then Bacchus do thou,
 Be kind to us now,
 And luxuriously favour our boon ;
 Fill the bowl to the brink,
 That your vot'ries may drink,
 Till their faces look like the full
 moon.
 Let dull sober fools,
 Whom temperance rules,
 Sneak away to their pillows by
 noon ;
 Such choice souls as we,
 Gay, jovial, and free,
 Stagger home by the light of the
 moon.
 We laugh, and we sing,
 Our glasses we ring,
 To depart always think it too
 soon :
 Then while there's good time,
 Let's cheerfully join,
 In a health to the man of the moon

YOUNG Damon, with seducing
 art,
 His deathless passion pleads ;
 Bids Silvia take his constant heart,
 She loves and he succeeds.
 She loves, &c.
 Yet he her kiss imprinted lips,
 Forakes within the hour ;
 And apes the roving bee that sips,
 The sweets of ev'ry flower.
 And ape, &c.
 New objects now attract his eyes,
 Subdu'd by other charms ;
 While hopeless Silvia vainly tries,
 To lure him to her arms.
 To lure, &c.
 Of this ye blooming fair be sure,
 If virtue once gives way :
 The heart you think you hold se-
 cure,
 No longer owns your sway.
 No longer, &c

VOWS of love should ever bind
 Men who are to honour true,
 They must have a savage mind
 Who refuse the fair their due,
 Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve :
 So may ev'ry nymph agree,
 All such faithless swains to serve.

To keep my gentle Joffe,
 What labour would seem hard
 Each toilsome task how ealy,
 Her love the sweet reward.
 Her love the sweet reward.
 The bee, thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe :
 The sweet reward obtaining,
 Of honey all the year.
 Of honey all the year.

WHERE shall Lelia fly for
shelter,

In what secret grove or cave,
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
From the young the gay the brave
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her
Still she longs and still she burns,
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue youth good sense and beauty
[If discretion guide us not]

Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
Sometimes are the booby's lot.

Now they're purchas'd by the trader

Now commanded by the peer,

Now some subtle mean invader,

Wins the heart or gains the ear

Or discretion thou'rt a jewel,

Or our grand-mamma's mistake,

Stinting flame by bating fuel,

Always careful and awake.

Would you keep your pearls from
trampers,

Weigh the licence weigh the bans

Mark my song upon your samplers

Wear it on your knots and fans.

WHEN tutor'd under mam-
ma's care,

Such charms I did inherit:

She gave strict charge, that none
should dare,

To curb my growing spirit.

My neck and breast were never hid,

Romances ever reading;

To hold my head up I was bid,

That I may shew my breeding

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude

Affected joy and sorrow:

And what to-day was very rude,

I thought polite to-morrow.

By earls and dukes I was address'd

Each fop sure of succeeding:

Of ev'ry one I made a jest,

That I might shew my breeding.

Young Damon too confess'd a flame

And rivals I had many;

What tho' I us'd him just the same,

I lik'd him best of any.

With sighs and tears he often swore

For me his heart was bleeding:

I only plagued him still the more,

That I might shew my breeding.

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his

chain,

And fly to smiling Kitty;

I cou'd not bear to meet disdain,

For one not half so pretty.

With gentler words I bid him stay,

For pardon tell to pleading:

To church we went and from that

day,

I shew'd him better breeding.

WHAT means that tender sigh
my dear,

Why silent drops that chrystal tear?

What jealous fears disturb thy breast

Where love and peace delight to

rest?

What tho' thy Jocky has been seen

With Molly sporting on the green,

'Twas but an artful trick to prove,

The matchless force of Jenny's love,

'Tis true a nosegay I had dress'd,

To grace the witty Daphne's

breast:

But 'twas at her desire to try,

If Damon cast a jealous eye.

These flowers will fade by morning

dawn,

Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;

But in thy fragrant bosom lies,

A sweet perfume that never dies.

VINCENT and HILLIARD.

VINCENT.

WE beg, but in a higher strain,
Than sordid slaves, who beg
for gain.

HILLIARD.

No paltry gold or gems we want,
We beg what you alone can grant.

VINCENT.

No lofty titles, no renown,
But something greater than a crown

HILLIARD.

We beg not wealth, or liberty;

BOTH

We beg your humble slaves to be.

VINCENT

We beg your snowy hands to kiss,
Or lips, if you'd vouchsafe the bliss.

HILLIARD.

And if our faithful vows can move,
[What Gods might envy us] your
love

VINCENT.

The boon we beg, if you deny,
Our fate's decreed, we pine and die.

HILLIARD.

For life we beg, for life implore;

BOTH.

The poorest wretch can beg no more

YOUNG Colin to our cottage
come,

And vow'd how much he lov'd,

I own I felt a secret flame,

Yet not his suit approv'd

A thousand tender tales he told,

I seem'd to think untrue;

And made believe my heart was
cold,

What could a virgin do?

And made believe my heart was
cold,

What could a virgin do?

The artless mind is soon impress'd,

With thoughts before unknown:

When Cupid wounds the female
breast,

He's sure to keep his throne.

In vain our fortune we try,

When love's resolved to sue;

'Tis hard thro' pity to deny,

What can a virgin do?

The maxim, marry while you're
young,

I think shall be my guide:

Tho' Colin's seems a flatt'ring tongue

Yet virtue is my pride.

Should Colin when he woes again,

Have Hymen's bands in view;

I then shall with the sprightly swain

Know what I've got to do.

WHEN real joy we miss,

'Tis some degree of bliss,

To reap ideal pleasure,

And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,

And conquers without fears,

The sailor in his sleep,

With safety ploughs the deep.

So I, through fancy's aid,

Enjoy my heav'nly maid,

And bless'd with thee and love,

And greater far than Jove,

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid,

Wou'd you hurt a harmless
maid?

Lead an innocent astray,

Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe:

And should you my faith deceive,

Ruin first, and then forsake,

Sure my tender heart would break.

THO' still so young, and scarce
fifteen,

Yet sweethearts I have plenty,
And if more forward I had been,
E'er this day had been twenty.
Like buzzing flies or wasps with
stings,

In swarms they hover round me,
I brush away those humming things
They have no power to wound me
I surely am not much to blame,

To sport with one and t'other,
My lovers raise no redd'ning shame,
'Tis playing with one's brother.
I like to hear what each can say,
To see what they'd be doing,
And when they think me most their
prey,

I'm farthest off from ruin.
What tho' in crowds I pass the day
And all my joy is teasing,
To one alone I'd not be gay,
Least one should be too pleasing.
They fondly flutter here and there,
And take their idle station,
They only catch their eye and ear,
But raise no palpitation.
Then welcome Harry, Tom and
Phill,

Your numbers won't alarm me :
For trust me I'm in safety still,
'Tis only one can harm me,
Then to this folly nymph be kind,
Coquetting's but a season,
When older grown, to one resign'd,
I'll yield to love and reason.

WHEN a maid, in a way of mar-
riage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage

'Tis with pain the suit's began.
Tho' mayhap she likes him mainly
Still she shams it coy and cold,
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her
bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo,
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles too.

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile valley's glide.
Though, in search of lost repose,
the land 'tis free to rove
still it hurries as it flows,
'Till it reach it's native home.

YE Gods ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine,
For greater bliss design her;
To obey your will at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

WHENCE can you inherit,
So slavish a spirit,
Confin'd thus and chain'd to a log?
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid;
'Tis leading the life of a dog,
For shame! you a lover!
More firmness discover:
Take courage, nor here longer
mope :
Resist, and be free:
Run riot, like me :
And to perfect the picture, elope.

AS down on Banna's banks I
 stray'd,
 One evening in May;
 The little birds in blithest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray:
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er;
 Ah Grammachree ma Chollenogue
 Ma Molly Ashtore.
 The daisies pied and all the sweets,
 The dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the field:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies,
 Of her whom I adore;
 Ah Grammachree, &c.
 I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate;
 That doom'd me thus the slave of
 love,
 And cruel Molly's hate:
 How can she slight the honest heart
 That wears her in its core;
 Ah Grammachree, &c.
 You said you lov'd me Molly dear
 Ah why did I believe;
 Yet who could think such tender
 words,
 Were meant but to deceive;
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,
 Nay Heav'ns could give no more
 Ah Grammachree, &c.
 Oh had I all the flocks that graze,
 On yonder yellow hill:
 Or lov'd to me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pastures fill:
 With her I love I'd gladly share,
 My kine and fleecy store:
 Ah Grammachree, &c.
 Two turtle doves above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough:
 I envied them their happiness,

To see them bill and coo:
 Such fondness once to me she shew'd
 But now alas 'tis o'er;
 Ah Grammachree, &c.
 Then fare thee well my Molly dear
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's
 breast,
 'Twill beat for thee alone:
 Tho' thou art false may heaven on
 thee,
 It's choicest blessings pour:
 Ah Grammachree ma Chollenogue
 Ma Molly Ashtore.

TO speak my mind of woman-
 kind,
 In one word 'tis this,
 By nature they're design'd,
 To say and do amiss.
 Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives;
 Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
 Born to cheat, and give men pain.
 Their study, day and night,
 Is mischief their delight:
 And if we should prevent,
 At one door the intent,
 They quickly turn about,
 And find another out.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm
 me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May:
 How should empty sunshine warm
 me,
 While Lothario keeps away?
 Go ye warbling birds go leave me,
 Shake ye clouds the smiling sky,
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.

GUARDIAN Angels now pro-
test me,

Send ah send the youth I love,
Deign O Cupid to direct me,

Lead me thro' the myrtle grove;

Bear my sighs soft floating air,

Say I love him to despair,

Tell him it is for him to grieve,

For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,

Silent as the shades of night,

Near some bubbling rill meander,

Where he oft has blest my sight;

There to weep the night away,

There in sighs to spend the day,

Think fond youth the vows you
swore,

And must I never see you more

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,

Deep in some sequester'd vale,

There with mournful cadence swel-
ling,

Oft repeat my love-sick tales;

And the lark and Philomel.

Oft shall hear a virgin tell,

What's the pain to bid adieu,

To joy to happiness and you.

YOU ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain.

Where harbours the torment I find

In my head, in my heart,

It invades ev'ry part,

And subdues both my body & mind.

Each effort I try,

Ev'ry med'cine apply,

The pangs of my soul to appease;

But doom'd to endure,

What I mean for a cure,

Turns poison and feeds the disease.

TO tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,

As mirth and nature bid,

I lik'd a glass,

And I lov'd a lass,

And I did as youngers did.

But now I am old,

With grief be it told,

I must those freaks forbear:

At sixty three,

'Twixt you and me,

A man grows worse for wear.

WHY, how now, Miss Pert:

Do you think to divert,

My anger by sawning and stroking?

Would you make me a fool.

Your play-thing, your tool?

Was ever young minx so provoking

Get out of my sight,

'Twould be serving you right,

To lay a round of the lash on;

Contradict your Mamma;

I've a mind by the la—

But I won't put myself in a passion.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,

That scents the ambient air,

Then ask each shepherd that you meet

If dear Susanna's fair,

If dear Susanna's fair.

Say will the vulture leave his prey

And warble through the grove,

Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,

Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,

And pride in splendour shine,

Ye bards unenvied laurels wear,

Be fair Susanna mine,

Be fair Susanna mine.

L I N C O L N : Printed by W. W O O D.



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